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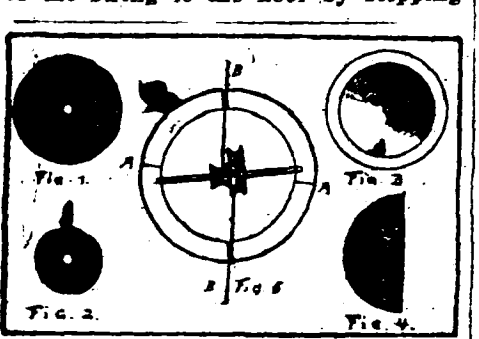


# Boys And Girls

Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

**A Bachelor Tom.**  
Buffy's my dog—and every day we, with my three boy-dolls, take afternoon tea.  
Bob Roy is gay in his tartan plaid; Bobby Shafto's not bad, as a sailor lad. And Jack—the midshipman, trim and neat.  
In under the table in lowly seat. Now, as dolls are not really alive, Buffy and I have to eat for the five; But we play so hard and romp about That both our appetites hold out. Sometimes we're bread with our canbrie tea.  
Sometimes nursery brings nice things to me!  
But if it's crackers, or just a bun, We eat it all up and have lots of fun. Buffy was my tail and snuggles at me. I tell him my secrets and pour the tea.  
—St. Nicholas.

**The Magic Ball.**  
In this trick the magician apparently overcomes the force of gravitation. His only apparatus is a wooden ball, through the center of which a string is run.  
Holding one end of the string in his hand and securing the other end of the string to the floor by stepping



PARTS OF THE MAGIC BALL.

on it, the magician can make the ball travel up and down the string at will. The spectators, if they wish, may call out the direction in which they would like to see the ball move and the magician induces the ball to follow the course exactly.

Figure 5 shows the simple device by means of which the magician is enabled to exercise his wonderful control over the ball. The ball, apparently solid, is, in reality, hollow. A ball such as comes with a set of tennis or croquet can be saved in half and hollowed out with a gouge. Figure 5 shows half-section of ball. Figure 3 shows section hollowed out. If no ball is at hand, or if the wood of which the ball is made proves too



THE BALL OBEYS THE MAGICIAN.

hard to make working with it practical, a square block can be used in place of a ball. The string, which appears to be one string, is, in reality, made up of two strings. One end of each string is wrapped around a spool on the inside of the ball, as shown in Figure 5. One spool must have a little more twist than the circumference of the other. Figures 1 and 2 show relative sizes of wheels.  
If spools of the right shape are not to be had, though such spools are quite common, sections can be sawed from different sized cylindrical sticks. The grooves in the spools can be made with a penknife. The spools are fast-

## BRICK IN WINTER.

New Method by Which Obstacles to the Work May Be Overcome.  
Frank W. Mahan, United States consul at Nottingham, England, reports to the Department of Commerce and Labor a new method of overcoming the obstacle to building operations in winter due to frost. He says: "It is a well-known fact in Sweden bricklaying is now carried out without interruption during the long and severe winters. It is probable that the method that makes this possible may be an old story in the United States, but I submit a description of it for what it may be worth."  
"It has been demonstrated that bricklaying can be carried on in a temperature as low as 18 degrees Fahrenheit. For lower temperatures it is necessary to heat the sand and water used in making the mortar. The heating of the water is easily accomplished, and for the heating of the sand a circular iron tube 18 to 24 inches in diameter and from 6 to 8 feet long. This is closed at one end with bricks or an iron plate. On the top of this end there is a chimney 8 to 10 feet high and 6 to 8 inches in diameter.  
"The fuel, which is generally refuse wood from the building under erection, is fed in at the open or partly open end of the cylinder. This cylinder is often formed of an old boiler tube or of a piece of old iron chimney. For burning coal special grates and brick arrangements would be necessary, but in no case need they be elaborate or expensive.  
"After placing this cylinder on the ground the sand is heaped on and around it to a depth of eighteen to twenty-four inches and allowed to remain till it gets hot, when it is taken away from where it is hottest and replaced by fresh sand. The mortar should be made in a room where the temperature is kept well above the freezing point and regulated according to the frost to be counteracted. Generally this room is made by roughly boarding a part of the scaffolding, simplicity and cheapness being desirable. "In laying the bricks care should be taken to avoid shifting them after once they are set in the mortar, and old or stale mortar should never be used. Fifteen or twenty years ago, when this process is now employed, almost all building was broken off for four or five months during the winter. Today it is an exception to find it hindered more than a few days or a few weeks annually."—Brooklyn Eagle.

## UP AGAINST IT.

Customer—Do you remember that prescription you filled for me yesterday?  
Druggist—Yes.  
Customer—Well, I'd like for you to give me a copy of it.  
Druggist—Impossible! I can't read it.  
Up Against It.

## YOUTH HAS ITS OWN CRITERIA.

By which to Judge things which its elders assess by other standards. Henry had just come into his mother's kitchen, where she was rolling pie crust.  
"Making pies, mother?"  
"Yes, sonny."  
"Say, mother, your pies taste all right, but why don't you make some like Mrs. Thompson gives me and Billy? You can take a piece in your hand and walk all round the yard eating it and it won't break."  
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If spools of the right shape are not to be had, though such spools are quite common, sections can be sawed from different sized cylindrical sticks. The grooves in the spools can be made with a penknife. The spools are fast-

tened side by side on an axle, and sockets are cut on the inside of the ball to fit the ends of this axle. See the dotted lines in figure 5. Holes are bored in the ball, through which the strings can be run, and then the two halves of the ball are glued together. Figures 2 and 3 show the holes bored to admit the passage of the strings.  
The pull on the upper string—that is, the string running from the smaller spool—will cause the ball to rise, because the larger spool has the greater leverage, and will, of course, unroll, thus at the same time winding up the smaller spool.  
If the cord is relaxed, the weight of the ball will cause it to descend the string, while if the string is just kept taut the ball will remain stationary. If the spools were exactly the same size, the leverage of each would exactly balance and the ball could not be made to move in either direction.  
It is a simple matter to set a mark on the string, so that it can be told at a glance which string runs over the large spool and which string runs from the small one.—Washington Post.

**Be Beautiful.**  
One morning, says an exchange, a girl whose face was under a cloud of unappiness, from constantly laboring under the impression that she was plain, walked out into the sunshine of Boston Common. In a moment the gloom lifted, for the brightness of the morning had made her thoughts unusually pleasant.  
"What a pretty, happy girl that is we just passed," she heard one of two ladies say to the other.  
She looked quickly around, with envy in her heart, to see the pretty girl, but she was the only girl in sight. "Why, the man in the next car," she exclaimed in surprise. "No one ever called me pretty before. It must be because I am smiling."  
Again, as she was entering a street car, she heard: "Do you see that pretty-looking girl?"  
"Well, I declare," she mused, "I am always going to look happy. If this is what comes of it! I have thought myself homely all my life, and here twice in one day I've been called pretty."  
That day she did try to look happy, and now she is regularly considered as one of the leading beauties of her social circle.  
This little story contains a lesson for our boys as well as our girls, and I hope they will always see the reflection of a beautiful face in the world mirror.

## THE PIONEERS.

I love the man of nerve who dares to do—  
The sturdy hero, stalwart through and through,  
Who trades the untamed path, evades the foe,  
And in a forest clearing builds a hut;  
Removes the trees lumbering the soil  
And founds an empire based on thought and toil.

With wants but few, no pioneer will crave.  
A crown in life he sows on his grave.  
He leaves behind the slavery of style,  
The myriads of pride, deceit and guile,  
Exulting with the consort of the free  
The motto on his shield is "Liberty."

What cares he for the monarch's jeweled crown?  
For palace or plottings, for fame's return?  
The turmoil and the strife of endless greed  
When honest toil supplies each simple need?

He seeks not glory, yet the future years  
Will hail all their legends the pioneers.  
—Newton (Nova) Harsh.

## My Uncle's Test.

WHEN the lawyer of the little lawyer, died away, we three beneficiaries by the will stood amazed, astounded at its peculiar provisions.  
My cousin, George Vardon, was the first to break the silence.  
"This man must have been mad," he exclaimed.  
"It is such a strange will. If I understand it, his immense property is cut into halves, of which my cousin, Nora, receives one part, and the other to be divided between Mr. Harold Waring and myself," continued George Vardon.

"Quite right," assented the lawyer. "But in the event of the death of the testator within one hour of the reading of this testament the entire property is to go to found an orphan asylum; not only his portion, but ours as well. In the event of the death of Mr. Harold Waring or myself within the same time his portion is to be added to the share of Nora, and is to become hers. In case all three survive the hour, the property will be divided among ourselves unconditionally. Am I right?"  
"Right again, Mr. Vardon," answered Mr. Byler, the lawyer.  
"But why this absurd provision about our sudden death within the hour? I assure you—with a person of my age, I have no immediate intention of giving up the ghost. My Nora looks superbly healthy, and Mr. Harold Waring is at least not an invalid."

"I cannot explain the will at all. The old gentleman's queer fancies gathered during his long sojourn in India. But you may depend upon it that he was quite sane, and that the testament is absolutely valid. I drew it up myself, and there is no possible flaw in it. Let me call your attention again to another peculiar provision in the will. You three are to go at once into the blue room, close the door and remain there three minutes. You will find upon the floor a carved box, which you are to open. It may possibly be a trap, as it is so heavily guarded, but the part that each had played in the scene just finished. Then he came forward with his usual obsequious bow and handed me a letter.  
I took it, swayed uncertainly for a moment and pitched forward in a faint. My uncle, who had been a large property in India, where he had led a very curious life, being familiar with a very mixed company of natives and whites. His confidential valet, Lal Singh, was a man of such varied accomplishments that I never found him looking at me without feeling the creeps shiver down my back.  
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A panel alide in the wall, and my late uncle's valet, Lal Singh, stood smiling in the opening.  
He looked from one to another of us with a curious light of understanding in his eyes, as if he appreciated perfectly the part that each had played in the scene just finished. Then he came forward with his usual obsequious bow and handed me a letter.  
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Another club woman, Mrs. Hauke, of Edgerton, Wis., tells how she was cured of irregularities and uterine trouble, terrible pains and backache, by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—A while ago my health began to fail because of my troubles. The doctor did not help me. I remembered that my mother had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on many occasions for irregularities and uterine troubles, and I felt sure that it could not harm me at any rate to give it a trial.  
"I was certainly glad to find that within a week I felt much better, the terrible pains in the back and side were beginning to ease, and at the time of menstruation I did not have nearly as serious a time as heretofore, so I continued to use the medicine, and at the end of that time I was like a new woman. I really have never felt better in my life, have not had a sick headache since, and weigh 30 pounds more than I ever did, so I unhesitatingly recommend your medicine to all who are afflicted with irregularities and uterine troubles. Mrs. Hauke, Edgerton, Wis. Household Economics Club. \$5000 Refund if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced."

## THE PIONEERS.

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Who trades the untamed path, evades the foe,  
And in a forest clearing builds a hut;  
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What cares he for the monarch's jeweled crown?  
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He looked from one to another of us with a curious light of understanding in his eyes, as if he appreciated perfectly the part that each had played in the scene just finished. Then he came forward with his usual obsequious bow and handed me a letter.  
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1. Nora Waring, who was the favorite of the three kinsfolk who were left my uncle upon his return to England. She was absurdly fond of me, and in a continual fear lest I should make an unhappy marriage to some Dan unworthy of me.  
As to my nephews, who were also my cousins, I had never been able to find out whether he liked them or not. Often I had observed him looking curiously at them, and then anxiously, for my cousins were patently, if not comically, unworthy of him.  
I do not know what curious fancies passed through the mind of my uncle as he wrote this will, but I am sure that he was quite sane, and that the testament is absolutely valid. I drew it up myself, and there is no possible flaw in it. Let me call your attention again to another peculiar provision in the will. You three are to go at once into the blue room, close the door and remain there three minutes. You will find upon the floor a carved box, which you are to open. It may possibly be a trap, as it is so heavily guarded, but the part that each had played in the scene just finished. Then he came forward with his usual obsequious bow and handed me a letter.  
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